

# DAILY The Cairo Bulletin.

BY JOHN H. OBERLY & CO.

CAIRO, ILLINOIS. SEPTEMBER 19, 1870.

ONLY DAILY PAPER IN EGYPT.

## The Bulletin.

### JEWETT AGAIN.

Mr. Jewett Wilcox, Radical candidate for Representative in the Legislature, has suddenly become an ardent admirer of the negro element of American society, and has accepted, in its broadest sense, the Radical doctrine of human equality. He holds with his party, that all men are equal before the law, that all men should enjoy equal political rights.

We do not wish to be understood as intimating that Mr. Wilcox does not know to what conclusions his doctrines will lead him. We take it for granted that he knows his own mind, has got out of his political swaddling clothes and no longer uses Pope's sucking bottle or feeds upon Lincoln's "paw."

Let us, then, see upon what platform he stands, and how consistent he is—how completely he squares his practice to his precepts. He does not deny that he is in favor of his colored fellow-citizens enjoying all the rights and privileges of the white citizens under the school law. A citizen is a citizen, he holds, no matter whether he is white or black; and it is ridiculous to hold that black men may elect school directors, as they did Mr. Warwick here in Cairo, or be elected as Mr. Shores proposes to be, and yet not be entitled to send their children to the schools they may thus control. Mr. Wilcox's logic is correct. It is the logic of his party, only he is a little more honest than some of his fellows in Southern Illinois, and gives expression to that which, for the time being, they wish to conceal.

But why does not Mr. Wilcox carry out in principle his own theoretical doctrines? If a negro citizen is entitled to public school privileges, why is he denied public house privileges? If a negro's children are good enough to associate in the school room with white children, why is not the negro good enough to associate with the white children's parents in Mr. Wilcox's parlor and dining room? Why cannot Mr. Wilcox be honest in practice as well as in precept, and since he recognizes the doctrine of equality live up to it faithfully?

The truth is, Mr. Wilcox, somewhat unsophisticated in the ways of politics, being a brain new candidate, and having little interest himself in the public schools, since his children can be educated in more select places of education, wishes to throw a tub to the negro whale, and therefore recognizes and proclaims the doctrine of the fraternity of peoples and races—the political equality of humanity—the brotherhood of man—the star-spangled banner—*E pluribus unum*—hip, hip, hurrah!

On this platform he proposes to stand or fall, and Munn with his heavy words of commendation; Liner with his most encouraging smile, and hope, glowing like a red hot coal or in hair, kindly and patronizingly pat him on the back, and say to him: "Go in, Jewett, my jewel, and you will be sure to win. Black, my boy, is the winning color!"

### MR. BROWN'S NOMINATION.

Mr. Brown, Radical candidate for Sheriff of Alexander, declared, not long ago, that all political conventions are swindles, and that the man who accepted the nomination of one, stood indicted, upon *prima facie* evidence, of having been guilty of fraud and falsehood.

Now that he has accepted the nomination of such a convention he stands in a position of great embarrassment and must be regarded as a dishonest political trickster until he proves the contrary by affirmative evidence.

This, we are almost certain, he cannot do; and, indeed, the history of the convention which nominated him, will prove that his conduct while canvassing for a nomination was anything on the square.

In the first place, he secured the support of the Mann-Lincoln clique by port dirt, and purchased the talking of Mayberry, the rebel and ne-hater, by promising him the duty of the precincts—into Clear-creek, Newwood, &c., where no primary meetings had been held, no delegates elected, and induced personal friends to attend the convention, and,

without any authority from these precincts, vote for him. In this way, he succeeded in obtaining the nomination on the first ballot. If he had failed on the first ballot he could not have been nominated, and either Winter, Saup, or Hay would have carried off the prize. This he knew, Mayberry having told him, and he provided against the danger by appointing delegates himself for at least three of the precincts that refused to send delegates to the convention.

If all conventions were like his convention, Mr. Brown's assertion would never be doubted, that "all conventions are swindles, and the man who accepted the nomination of one stands convicted, upon *prima facie* evidence, of having been guilty of fraud and falsehood."

CONVENTION.—Mr. Barton, of the Carbonate New Era, has been visiting Cairo, and his opinions on the tariff have undergone a wonderful change. He says:

While speaking of prices, I found that I could save from 25 to 40 per cent. in printing material, if it were not for the tariff. Types and machinery seem to be some much more valuable when they are just across the line. Now, I have always been a protective tariff man, but my experience during the past few days has knocked the scales from my eyes. I am not so much protective tariff as I was. Another thing disgusted me. Going into Canada, our baggage was not molested. Canadian evidently do not fear us, and seemed to have but little inclination to annoy us. Not so on coming into the United States. Every trunk, every satchel was examined. One lady had lost the key to her trunk, and told the officer her trouble and pledged her word that her trunk contained nothing but clothing for herself and babe. It would not do. The trunk was broken open, and thoroughly ransacked. Again, a lady of the party had been presented with a cheap dress pattern in Toronto or Montreal. The officer saw it and collected a duty of 25 per cent. If these things are necessary to protect the soulless Boston nabobs, if the many are to be made pay tribute to the few—I think that the best thing that could be done would be to adopt free trade, and build big hospitals, somewhere out on our Western prairies, where New Englanders, who cannot protect themselves, may be protected by the government. I think it would cost a vast amount less than the present system.

The New York Tribune gives currency to a story related of Gen. Frossard, which, if true, deserves to win for that individual the maledictions of this and all succeeding generations. It is said that at the battle of Fort Fisher he remained at his dinner till a clock, while his division was being cut to pieces, and, when his side-camp came in to tell him things were going wrong, he answered them, smoking his cigar, that it would be all right, for he had taken all his measures. We hope and are disposed to think, this one of the yarns spun by the over fertile imagination of the Tribune's "war notes" man, hardly conceiving it possible that a human being, invested with such a awful responsibility should be guilty of such criminal neglect and inhumanity.

### A BAR-ROOM CONFLICT.

JOHN MORRISSEY'S COMBAT WITH TOM MCCANN.

An Incident of Twenty Years Ago.

Some twenty-years ago when muscle was king in New York, Captain Rynders, Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, Bill Poole and Tom McCann, and others of the like stamp, with their fellows, controlled the municipal elections. The rule then was to first strike the politician and then strike out among themselves.

The best dressed and smartest fighting man at that time was McCann. He was a gambler, and his favorite resort was the game, adjoining the old Broadway Theatre. He would walk up to the wall and nig a dy between his thumb and forefinger nine times out of ten. He was the hero of many bar-room fights, and the terror of the gamblers.

One night while McCann was at the height of his fame, John Morrissey walked into the Gem. He had brushed all the fighting men from Troy to Hudson in rough and tumble style, and now came to beard the tigers in their den. His clear eyes, round head, and square shoulders, at once attracted attention. John's first words rallied the sports. The words were: "Come, let's take a drink." McCann, observing that Morrissey had money, entered into conversation with him, which ended in a little game being made up. Morrissey was half fellow well met with him. Everything was lovely while the money lasted. He was soon cleaned out however, and while smarting under the suspicion that he had been cheated, he was informed that McCann had laid him out with a "cold deck." This led to the most stubborn fight that was ever witnessed in a Broadway saloon. The particulars of this struggle were never published, and the few fighting men who witnessed it declare it was the finest fight they ever saw. McCann was down in Florence's, leaning against the bar, sipping a hot whisky, when in came Morrissey. Morrissey looked at Tom a moment and then said:

"Hello, pretty, how gay you can get yourself upon the money you cheat other people out of. Florence ought to put you in a cage, and place you on the counter."

"Who says I ever cheated?" inquired McCann fiercely.

"I do," replied Morrissey.

"You lie, you country cub. And now look out, for I am going to lick you in five minutes," said McCann, placing his glossy tile on the bar.

"All right, my beauty," replied Morrissey, proceeding to pull off his coat.

Before Morrissey could get out of his coat McCann was on him with the spring of a leopard planting blows on his face,

breast and ribs. John clenched his teeth and tried to free himself from the binding coat. McCann knocked him against the stove; over went the stove and down went Morrissey on the marble floor; McCann pounced on him like a wild cat on a pigeon. The blows from his hammer-like fists fell fast and furious on Morrissey's face while his head beat tattoo on the marble slabs. An ordinary skull would have been crushed at once, but not John's. Morrissey soon changed his tactics. Instead of trying to get off his coat, he worked himself into it again. He lay quiet for a few seconds. McCann's blows fell like hail. He began to think he had knocked all the life out of Morrissey, and shouted:

"Holler enough, or I'll dash your brains out."

"Not just yet, my nosegay," said Morrissey, coolly rolling McCann off of him with apparent ease, and jumping to his feet.

McCann was up just as quick. At they went again. The tide of battle now began to change. McCann got in three blows to John's one; but Morrissey's eyes twinkled about his bloody nose, while McCann's glared above the gashes that were opening on his cheeks. The floor looked as if a dozen boxes of water had been spilled on it. At last they went down again—this time Morrissey on top. McCann was soon glad to get "enough."

Morrissey was now king pin among the sports. He had whipped their best man. They also discovered that he possessed three sterling traits—courage, truth and generosity—rare qualities for a man whom they looked upon to be a provincial villain. Since that day John has been confined among a rough school. He has never gone back on his word. Sporting men and politicians of all classes place large sums of money in his hands, pending the settlement of their bets. It is enough to say that "the money is in John Morrissey's hand," to know that the right man will get it.

The American Hercules has now shaken hands with the Cincinnati of Chapsqua over a contract to clean out the stables of the ring. His muscle always proved victorious in ring encounters; there is now an opportunity for his brains.—[N. Y. Sun.]

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Wendell Phillips Accepts the Labor Reform Nomination.

Boston, Sept. 13.—Wendell Phillips accepts the Labor Reform nomination for Governor in the following letter: "I have no wish to be Governor of Massachusetts, and, flatter as is this confidence, I thoroughly dislike to have my name drawn into party politics, for I belong to no political party. But I see nothing in your platform from which I dissent, and the struggle which underlies your movement has my fullest and heartiest sympathy. Capital and labor are partners, not enemies. They stand face to face in order to bring about a fair division of the common profit. I am fully convinced that hitherto legislation has leaned most unfavorably to the side of the capitalist. Hereafter we should be impartial. The law should do all it can to give the masses more leisure, a more complete education, better opportunities, and a fair share of the profits. It is a shame to our Christianity and our civilization for our social system to provide and expect that one man at seventy years of age should be lord of many thousands of dollars, while hundreds of other men, who have made as good use of their talents and opportunities, lean on charity for their daily bread.

"Of course there must be irregularities, but the best minds and the best hearts should give themselves to the work of changing this gross injury, this appalling irregularity. I feel sure that the readiest way to turn public thought and effort into this channel is for the workingmen to organize a political party. No social question ever gets fearlessly treated here until we make the political turn. The real American college is the ballot-box, and on questions like this the political party is the surest and readiest, if not the only way, to stir discussion and secure improvement.

"If my name will strengthen your movement, you are welcome to it. Allow me to add, though working for a large vote, if we fail, we should not be discouraged by a small one. Last year's experience shows your strength, and the anti-slavery movement proves how quickly a correct principle wins assent if earnest men work for it.

"Yours, truly,  
"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

### Can't Find the Verdict.

At a recent session of one of the courts of a Southern State, an entire negro jury was empaneled. A case was brought before them, the witnesses examined, and the attorneys made their respective arguments.

The Judge, after laying down the law, and recapitulating the testimony, gave the paper into the hands of the Foreman, a rather intelligent looking darkey, with instructions as soon as they found a verdict to bring it in without delay.

Thirty minutes or more elapsed, when the jury returned, headed by the Foreman, and stood before the Judge.

As the Foreman appeared to hesitate the Judge inquired—

"Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?"

"No, massa Judge, we had't found him, no how," replied the ebony jurymen.

"It's a very plain case," said the Judge. "Can't help it, massa, couldn't see it," replied ebony again.

"On what grounds?" inquired the Judge. "We didn't look into the grounds, massa Judge," replied the foreman; "de assifer didn't take us out into de grounds, but he took us into a room, and locked us up in, an' let us out. So we began to find de verdict, an' every body took, every body, an' every thing dar was in dat room, but we found no verdict, no nuffin ob de kind dar."

### NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

—The census returns show a considerable increase in the population of the oil and coal cities of Pennsylvania.

—A mulatto girl of Chillicothe, poisoned herself to death because her parents wouldn't let her marry a negro two shades darker than she was. Poor thing!

—Miss Le Perkins is the somewhat romantic cognomen of a Missouri damsel who burgled a sorrel chignon to wear to a

picnic. She might never have been detected but for the fact that her own hair was a dark bay, and the chignon wouldn't harmonize.

—An eastern editor accuses another of having stolen his report of a meeting, which was recognized by certain earmarks. The retort courteous is that the first editor "should tie his ears over the top of his head while writing, to keep them out of the ink-bottle."

—The opening chapter of a Western novel contains the following: "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit upon the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine and lumber, and emigrants and hops, and salt fish!"

—A singular wedding took place in Morgan county, Mo., not long since. A "grass" widow was married to a young man on condition that if her transient husband should at any subsequent period express a willingness to live with her, he should be allowed to do so, and her union with the young man should be null and void from that date.

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### NOTICE.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the "Enterprise Bank of Cairo," held July 20th, 1870, it was ordered that the name of said Bank be changed to the "ENTERPRISE SAVING BANK," and that the Secretary give notice of same by publication in the Standard with section one of said charter.

W. H. Safford, Sec'y.

aug20/70

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